

Poetry.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,  
And it never comes again;  
'Tis a vision of light, and life and truth,  
That fits across the brain.  
And love is the theme of that early dream;  
So wild, so warm, so true,  
That in all its after years I dream  
That early dream were true.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,  
More turbulent by far,  
'Tis a vision of blood, and woman's tears,  
For the theme of that dream is war;  
And we toil in the field of danger and death,  
And shout in the battle array,  
'Till we find that dream in a bodiless breath,  
Which vanishes away.

Oh! there is a dream of olden age,  
'Tis a vision of gold in store—  
Of aims noted down on the figured page  
To be counted o'er and o'er;  
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,  
As a refuge from grief and pain,  
'Till our limbs are laid on the last dark bed,  
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it true from man's birth to his grave,  
In the path which all are treading?  
Is there nought in that long career to save  
From remorse and self-upbuilding?  
Oh yes there is a dream so pure, so bright,  
That the being to whom it is given,  
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,  
'Tis the theme of that dream is Heaven.

A Battle Sketch.

THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The National Monitor, a new literary paper published in New York, contains a sketch of a portion of the military operations entitled "Life in the Army, or Reminiscences of the Mexican War, by a New York Volunteer." The style of the writer is plain and clear, and he narrates with much liveliness and direct to the point. Here is an account of the storming of Chapultepec:

"It was a somber morning, the heavens being obscured with dense, black clouds; there were not a wall of the castle was visible to the eye—nothing but the lights that illuminated it, attracted the eye—presenting a grand imposing spectacle—a concentration of brilliant meteors, suspended from the black clouds above, being the nearest similitude to it. As we neared the castle the greatest possible caution was observed. The men were cautioned not to let their tin canteens to strike against their muskets or cartridge boxes—not a word was allowed to be spoken in the ranks—every possible precaution was taken to keep the enemy in ignorance of our approach. Onward we marched, with noiseless steps, silent tongues, and palpitating hearts. Nearer and nearer we approached the formidable castle, bristling with heavy artillery, and containing 12,000 of Mexico's best troops, and commanded by one of her bravest and best generals. Suddenly we were brought to a halt—the division to which I was attached being intended to support a battery under the command of Captain Drum which had been erected during the night, directly under the castle.

Just as we halted the shrill notes of a trumpet assailed our ears. Then the rolling of drums were heard, and presently a full band joined in. It was the enemy playing the *re-re-cille*. A death-like stillness prevailed in our ranks at the time—not a whisper or a breathing could be heard—therefore, so unexpected was the music, that when it struck the ear, it caused a momentary thrill to shoot through my frame—I felt a peculiar indescribable sensation. I have no doubt others experienced the same.

"The music was suddenly interrupted.—Bang-r-r! went one of the huge pieces of artillery from Drum's battery, and for a moment the dreadful whizz-z-z of its iron-death-messenger was heard through the air, and then its fatal crash as it struck the castle.—Instantly every light in the castle was extinguished, and it was invisible—shrouded in darkness. Silence was no longer observed in our ranks; the commanding voice of Baxter to 'Forward!' was heard. We marched a short distance, filed to the right and halted, taking up a position in supporting distance of Captain Drum's battery.

"Presently the sombre clouds that obscured the heavens separated, a streak of light was visible in the Eastern horizon—the day was breaking. Lighter, and lighter it gradually grew; objects that had been previously invisible, now appeared to the sight. Anon, the blazing sun peeped forth from its hiding-place, diffusing a flood of light upon the earth, and revealing to our astonishing sight the white massive walls of Chapultepec, the huge muzzles of a hundred heavy pieces of artillery, that peered from their respective embrasures, and the glittering bayonets of at least eight thousand Mexican infantry in the woods surrounding the castle, and at the base of the high hill upon which it stood.

"This was our first sight of the castle, and I gazed upon its imposing appearance with admiration—contemplating at the same moment the convulsion which was to follow an attack upon its impregnable walls—the lives that must necessarily be sacrificed; the widows made widows; the parents childless;

brothers and sisters mourners, and helpless children perhaps fatherless! Casting my eyes over the gallant little band that stood before me—companions who had escaped through storms of lead and iron—who had fought by my side in all the preceding battles—the sad and awful conviction forced itself upon my mind, that in a brief time, many of them whose smiling faces and cheerful hearts betokened no 'thought of the morrow,' would lie in the cold, icy embrace of death.

"The loud report of a gun from the castle, and the startling noise of grape and canister as it went crashing and tearing through the tall dense pulque plant, in my immediate vicinity, checked all further reflections on my part. The enemy had discovered us, and was evidently determined to do us all the injury he possibly could. Cannon after cannon, and huge mortars on the wall, vomited forth unremittingly, their ponderous, round shot, grape, canister and shell, doing us however but little injury, as we had taken the precaution to occupy a secure position.—The guns from our several batteries, at different commanding points, promptly answering the enemy, sending forth their deadly contents in reply. All day—from daylight until the sable curtains of night shrouded the contending armies in darkness—the booming of cannon, the bursting of shells, the crashing of grape and canister, and the sharp report of musketry greeted the ear.

"Various incidents that came under my observation during the day, now force themselves upon my memory.

"Captain Drum's battery, which kept up a constant, destructive fire upon the castle the whole day, was stationed about sixty yards from the right of my Regiment. Our whole division commanded by General Quitman, consisting of second Pennsylvania and South Carolina Volunteers, and a battalion of United States marines, besides the New York Volunteers, also occupied a position in supporting distance of the battery. Attached to the South Carolina Regiment were several negro slaves, who had accompanied their masters; some of them privates, too—on the campaign; and on several occasions displayed commendable gallantry. One of these negroes a huge black muscular fellow—stood about ten yards from one of the guns, and at every discharge he would eagerly watch what effect it would have upon the castle. If a favourable one he would jump up in the air, clap his hands, and exclaim: 'Golly, massa, you give 'em goss that time—Then he would resume his position behind a tree, and await with anxiety the discharge of another cannon, with straining eyes watch for the shot to strike the castle, and then rush into the road, and go through the same performance as mentioned above. The fellow had conducted himself in this manner for two or three hours when a shot from our battery made desparate havoc with one of the out-works of the castle. The terrible crash could be distinctly heard, and the clouds of dust that ascended into the air from the demolished masonry presented a picture similar to a vast conflagration. The negro's delight was unbounded. He threw himself on the ground, rolled over and over and kicked and squirmed like a dying animal, uttering loud and joyous exclamations.—Then suddenly springing to his feet, he leaped about five feet from the ground, struck his heels together clapped his hands, and exclaimed! 'Who-o-up! Hoo-rah! By gosh, massa, dat was the best of 'em all! Give it to 'im again!'

"Just as he concluded the last sentence, the loud report of a monster cannon was heard from the castle, then the whizzing noise of a ponderous shot, as it came flying through the air. It was the poor negro's death-messenger; before he had an opportunity to resume his position, it struck him in the stomach, completely tearing out his entrails, and of course instantly depriving him of life. The poor fellow's merry voice was silenced in death.

"Within musket range of Captain Drum's battery, a small force of the enemy, perhaps fifty, occupied a position that enabled them to annoy us very much, and occasionally kill or wound one of the men stationed at the guns. These men were undoubtedly sharpshooters, and were stretched along, for perhaps sixty yards, in a ditch. Taking advantage of every opportunity that presented itself of making their services available, to our detriment, they would partially raise up, discharge their weapons at us, and then quickly resume their lying position. These fellows had been harassing us so long and so fatally that General Shields (who commanded the brigade to which my regiment was attached) deemed it advisable to dislodge them. For that purpose a detachment of thirty men, under the command of a Lieutenant, was sent forward. The lieutenant gallantly and rapidly advanced with his men, under a

sharp fire from those occupying the ditch.—Before he had advanced forward sixty yards three of his men were shot dead. Still this did not intimidate him or his men. Onward he pushed—rapidly nearing the enemy. Now he was within thirty yards of them, and still they maintained their position. Forward the lieutenant pressed, and just as he was within about ten yards of the ditch, a masked battery in its immediate vicinity opened its murderous fire upon the little party. When the smoke cleared away, but three of that gallant band stood upon their feet—the remainder, with the lieutenant, were stretched upon the blood-damp ground, frightful mangled corpses. The three survivors stood bewildered for a moment, and then recovering themselves, speedily rejoined us.

"We, too, had our sharpshooters stationed at advantageous positions around the castle; and the many Mexicans that we found the next day, stiff in death, with their foreheads pierced with the balls, bore proof of the accuracy of their aim. The mounted riflemen is the regiment that I allude to. This regiment was composed of the best body of men—nearly all American—that I ever saw.—They were all crack shots, each man being sure to 'fetch his man.' At Chapultepec, they were scattered in different directions, as near the castle as they possibly could get, and hundreds of the enemy that day perished by their unerring, deadly aim. An incident that I witnessed on the 12th, suggests the mentioning of the regiment, in order to introduce the incident itself.

"From the base of the hill on which the castle of Chapultepec stands, running up to the castle itself is a broad, paved road.—Down this road, during the morning, a horse, mounted by an officer, was frequently seen to dash furiously. This rider was doubtless an *aid-de-camp*, carrying orders from General Bravo, stationed at the foot of the hill.—He was a very showy chap, and therefore I wondered he escaped our rifles. His horse was richly and showily caparisoned, and he himself was dressed in a gorgeous uniform—in short, he was 'as gay as a peacock,' as the eccentric but gallant Captain Fairchild remarked at the time. I had my eyes fixed intently upon him the last time I saw him dashing down the road, expecting every moment to see him fall from his saddle. But he escaped. Then I awaited his return.—Presently he came dashing up the road, as he had repeatedly done. He had proceeded about half way, when suddenly I saw his horse stumble and fall. He immediately disengaged himself from the stirrups, as the horse fell, stood erect over the fallen animal, and waved his sword over his head, as if in defiance. The sharp crack of a rifle suddenly greeted my ear, and at that moment the temerarious officer fell dead beside his dying horse!

"Another incident is recalled to my recollection, which serves to show the effectiveness of our artillery, particularly the battery commanded by Captain Drum. Late in the afternoon, a party of the enemy were engaged bringing a heavy piece of artillery from the castle to the support of their troops at the foot of the hill. They had succeeded in getting it about half way down, losing, however, so far, two or three of their men in the attempt, by the deadly aim of our riflemen—when Captain Drum's attention was called to the proceeding.

"'I'll see if I can't put a stop to that,' was his cool remark, which was presently followed by the deep-toned thunder of one of his heavy pieces of artillery. The effect was astonishing; the shot from his gun striking the enemy's cannon and killing three or four of the men. The rest immediately retreated to the castle. No similar attempt was made by them that day.

"Hundreds of incidents occurred during the day—too many to undertake to relate in this article.

"The firing on both sides continued, as I said before, all day; there was no cessation whatever until 'night threw her mantle o'er the earth'; then comparative quiet once more reigned. I shall not here detail the proceedings of the night—the laborious duties that had to be performed; suffice it to say, that the rising sun never received a more hearty cordial greeting than I gave it the next morning.

"At daylight we took the same position that we had occupied the day previous.—Whether we were to remain there during the whole day, we were, at the time, perfectly ignorant.—It was, however, the general wish that we were not, for the position—exposed as we were to the scorching rays of a tropical sun—was a most disagreeable one.—We were soon, however, informed that we were not to remain long in our present position—that the castle was to be stormed! At this announcement every eye was, in a moment, directed towards that formidable, imposing structure, and a deep murmur throughout

the ranks betokened that the news was received with the greatest satisfaction. We were now anxiously waiting the order to 'move forward.' I could not help remarking at this awful crisis, when so many in our ranks were on the brink of being dashed into eternity, a solemnity and silence among the men deeper than I ever witnessed before.—With hearts beating, each was waiting to hear the expected order to 'Forward!' At last it came. Standing on the right of the regiment, his face pale from excitement, and his eyes sparkling like jets, Lieutenant Colonel Baxter exclaimed, in a loud voice, 'FORWARD!'

Instantly the regiment moved forward to the right of the division, and then led off towards the castle in double quick time. A tremendous cheer at this moment pealed through the welkin and every gun that the castle could level against us, poured forth their deadly contents in reply. As we moved forward, canister, grape, round shot, and shell came pouring upon us, with a regular hailstorm of bullets, making awful slaughter in our ranks. But without a pause, our men dashed gallantly forward, and turning to the left into a vast field directly in front of the castle, with a shout that fairly shook the heavens, onward they rushed, headed by the gallant Baxter. Chapultepec was enveloped in a sheet of flame, so incessant and rapid was the discharge of the enemy's artillery. Discharge after discharge of grape was hurled with awful destruction through our ranks; still our brave boys were not daunted; with the flag of the Empire State proudly waving at the head of our column, onward they pushed. Van O'Linda fell dead on the green sward, gallantly leading his company; then Baxter, mortally wounded; then Pearson, and a fearful number of our gallant men. Still, our regiment dashed boldly forward, until the stone wall surrounding the base of the hill on which the castle stood, was reached. Then a short delay was necessarily made, in order to enable the remaining regiments composing the division to come up. Some sharp fighting took place at this point, the enemy were driven from their position, and aided by ladders we scaled the lower wall, and dashed up the precipitous hill. Now commenced a struggle that no pen is adequate to describe. The enemy's artillery becoming ineffective in consequence of the steepness of the hill, musketry was brought into requisition. The noise of the musketry was deafening, drowning the groans of the wounded and dying.

"The bullets flew among us like hail, silencing in death many a brave fellow who with a loud cheer, was dashing boldly and fearlessly up the steep ascent. Now enthusiastic shouts and the report of musketry were heard on our right and left, proceeding from the troops under Generals Worth, Pillow, and others. The attack upon the castle was made simultaneously at three different points. Quitman's division advanced directly in front of the castle, while the division of Generals Worth and Pillow charged up the right, left and rear. On they came, dashing up the rocky ascent with a determination to conquer or die. Reanimated by their gallant bearing, our brave boys pushed forward with renewed vigor.—Officers and men fell dead and wounded under the murderous fire of musketry that the Mexicans poured in upon us; gallant men, who had preceded us in the scaling parties, were stretched out lifeless upon the hill, their ladders clutched firmly in their hands, in the last, strong, convulsive grasp of death—but still undaunted, and with a determination to conquer, our troops valiantly continued the charge. Now the massive walls surrounding the castle were reached, and with a cheer that must have struck terror to the enemy, our men, led by their officers, and aided by the scaling ladders, promptly and boldly bounded over them. Then followed loud shouts from the victors, the clashing of bayonets, and the piercing shrieks of the Mexicans, as they were forced at the point of the bayonet over a lofty precipice. In five minutes after, the castle was ours—the gaudy flag of Mexico, that had for years floated undisturbed from its lofty staff, was torn down, and the colors of the New York Regiment flung to the breeze over the conquered castle. Nine deafening cheers—cheers such as only men flushed with victory can give—greeted it as its folds were opened out by the wind."

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner of a recent school exhibition.

"The chief use of bread," answered theurchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on it!"

FREE DISCUSSION.—Who ever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, seems to me to be more in love with his own opinions than with truth.—Bishop Watson.

Miscellaneous.

ECHOES.

The following very pretty lines will find an echo in every heart:

Hark! through Nature's vast cathedral,  
Blended echoes ever rise,  
Swelling in a mighty anthem  
To its ever arching skies.

Every bird that sings in summer,  
Every honey-laden bee,  
Every squirrel in the forest,  
Every cricket on the tree.

Every music dropping fountain,  
Every softly murmuring rill,  
Every dark and fuming torrent,  
Every water-gated mill.

Every rain-drop on the house-top,  
Every beetle's noisy drone,  
Every foot-fall on the pavement,  
Wakes an echo of its own.

Sols of love and songs of gladness,  
Each responsive echoes find,  
Words of love and words of anger,  
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action  
Is recorded o'er and o'er,  
Life itself is but an echo  
Of the lives that were before.

BLAMING THE CLERGY.

The September number of *Frazer's Magazine* closes an article on the "Church among the tall Chimneys," with some sensible remarks on the disposition to hold the Clergy responsible for every thing:

"The fault of the Clergy! Where are the Clergy? How glibly do such expressions come from the lips of men who, by precept and example, are undoing all that the Clergy are attempting to do! There is not a groveling penny-a-liner who cannot, after rising in the morning with a drunken headache, inquire on any exhibition of popular ignorance, 'Where are the Clergy?' There is not a mob-mounter, as he mounts his tub after thrashing his wife and starving his children, who cannot ask, 'What is the use of the Clergy?' There is not a graceless, upstart member of 'the House' who cannot, after leaving his heartless frivolities, exclaim, with well feigned astonishment, on any appropriate occasion, 'What are the Clergy doing?' There is not a lazy, negligent manufacturer who cannot, after refusing his five shilling piece to the national school, wonder, in the midst of a tumult, 'What have the Clergy been about?' The Clergy have not done everything, it is true—but they have done much."

The same sort of temper is showing itself in this country. One class of men, looking at the evils of society—its ignorance, poverty and crime—until the scene is quite too much for them, launch forth their denunciations upon the clergy for the unarrested growth of these moral deformities. Another class hold the clergy responsible for the Infidelity and isms of the day. The opposite extreme censures them for exerting too much influence. So they go. Whichever way the pendulum swings, it is sure to hit the clergy.—Now, it might assist the ideas of sundry people to remember that the clergy have a specific work to do, viz: to preach the religion of the Bible. They are set apart to this task, and it is foolish to judge them as to what they do or do not, outside of their immediate vocation. If they neglect the offices of the pulpit, let them be condemned, but we apprehend that no such charge can be substantiated against them in this country. Taken as body, they are here a most laborious, earnest, faithful profession. They have done more to elevate the character of the American community, to advance its education and virtue, to diffuse sound principles of piety than all other agencies combined, and at this day we owe our position, in great part, to their self-denying exertions. If the world does not get better as fast as we could wish, there is no sense in carping at them about it. It would be wiser to recollect how much worse it would be but for their zeal and industry. No sane man would think of holding his shoemaker responsible for a badly made coat or a leaky umbrella, and yet the sage philosophers of the land thunder away at the poor clergy, because this rickety world does not hasten on at railroad rapidity into a paradisaical condition. It is getting on quite fast enough, and we rather think if its speed were much accelerated there would be some precious regrets among these high-strung reformers, that their fault-finding luxury had departed.

An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning old Sambo proved refractory: "he would work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was a "case of necessity, that the scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on a Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in digging the pit for the very purpose!"